

IT CONTAINS ITEMS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.

THE METROPOLIS DAY BY DAY
IN THE MORNING WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA
2 O'CLOCK.
PURROY SCORES IVINS.

Battle of Wits Between the Fire Commissioner and the Lawyer.

Fire Department Investigators Who Wanted to Be Bribed.

A Very Hard Witness for Fessett's Committee to Handle.

The meeting of Fire Commissioner Purroy and Investigator Ivins in the arena before the Fessett Committee drew a large crowd of spectators to Part II. of the Superior Court today, for it was whispered about that the combat was better fun than a chicken dispute or a Fort Hamilton prize fight.

Senators MacNaughton, Kern and Birkett backed the Chairman, and the round and chubby Commissioner, full of quotations from Boyle Roche, Tom Moore and Doyle O'Reilly, settled himself in the witness chair, and with his hands shoved into his trousers' pockets, leaned back and fired volleys of information at Inquirer Ivins in response to his inquiries.

To begin with, he told Mr. Ivins that he had looked up his (Purroy's) record, and found that when appointed Fire Commissioner by Mayor Grace, in 1881, he was a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee, on the recommendation of the Executive Committee.

Then he told a machinist at Headquarters for eight years had passed a civil service examination and been promoted to a stoker's position.

"Were you ever investigated?" asked Mr. Ivins.

"Oh, yes," replied the Commissioner, in a hearty, "of course" tone.

"Lots of times. Once they thought they found something they thought was bad, and I'm told you have been given some points on it."

"They? Who? The Commissioners of Accounts?"

"Yes, Sherman and Adamson. I had a disagreement with Mayor Hewitt and they investigated me. They sent their employees and they tried to seduce the employees of the Department."

"Seduce them? How? Who?" demanded Mr. Ivins, exclaimingly.

"One was Mr. Melville, who testified before you recently that he was a liar. They took our men out to dinner and asked them if it was all right and if there was anything wrong here and there. If they were treated all right, and all that. It was all reported to me afterwards."

Mr. Ivins wanted to know how Mr. Purroy discovered that the investigators thought they had found something wrong.

"A friend of mine, the late County Clerk Bell, met me early in 1889, Mayor Grace had been elected then, you know. Mr. Bell told me Melville had the data of that investigation but that they wouldn't report it, under certain conditions, and I'd better see Melville."

"I replied: 'You tell of 'em I want to hear 'em. If they want to report, let 'em. They can't put anything against me.'"

Mr. Purroy drew from his pocket a report made by the secretary after an examination of the books of the property record clerk and read it. It set forth that several errors were found in the work of the property clerk.

He had substituted lay for cats or vice versa in drawing requisitions on the contractors, but only when the exigency of the Department demanded it, and he had drawn up or twice drawn upon the contractor before the contract had been let, but only on the same ground.

These were only technical errors, but the property clerk, he claimed, and admonished not to do so again.

Mr. Ivins and Chairman Fessett wanted advice as to how long he had been in the Fire Department, but Mr. Purroy declared that he didn't know.

"Do you mean that you are not willing to accept this Committee's report?" asked Mr. Fessett.

"No, sir; not at all. I don't want to go on. You don't know whether we ought to let the matter go or not. I want to learn of the affairs of these bureaus."

"No, sir; I leave that to you. I was never in the Fire Department, and I know nothing about investigations," replied Mr. Purroy.

The Fire Department consists of three Commissioners, appointed for six years and holding office until the good conduct of the business of the Department. They hold weekly meetings and have frequent special meetings, say after a great fire, said the Commissioner.

There is a President and a Treasurer, the latter giving bonds for \$50,000. I was Treasurer at one time, with Mayor Grace and Hugh Ferriss on my bond.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.
Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

The class of entries at Linden today promise a good quality of racing to those who will visit the track. Riley, De Muth, Stockton and Eurus should make a great race in the third event, and this contest alone will be worth going to the track to see.

The programme begins with a seven furlong dash for all ages. It is hard to see how Clarendon can be defeated. The colt ran such a good race on Tuesday, defeating Eolo and Lavina Belle so handsily, that he ought to win easily enough today. Castaway II. should be second, and Lakeview ought to beat Monroe for third place.

Cap. Wagner and Servitor are both very good now, and seem to be the best of the lot named to go in the second race. It is hard to decide between the two, but if the track is all at good Cap. Wagner should win with Servitor very close up. Peter may run well enough to beat the others.

Every one of the six entered in the third race has a chance to win. De Muth carries top weight, but it is hardly likely that he would be so good to the post unless he was fit enough to win. De Muth appears to be the pick and he ought to win. Riley, with any one else but Monahan on his back, should run well enough to be second and Stockton ought to be third.

Kyrle B. and Wilfrid ought to be second and third, and he ought to be second, with any one else but Monahan on his back, should run well enough to be second and Stockton ought to be third.

Carrie C. ought to win the fourth race, as he is in very good shape and the track will suit him. Of the others Hemet ought to be second and Fernwood, who showed prominently in his last race, ought to be third.

Second race—Castaway II., Clarendon, Second Race—Cap. Wagner, Servitor, Third Race—Riley, De Muth, Stockton, Fourth Race—Fernwood, Carrie C., Fifth Race—Chilhowie, Grenadier, Sixth Race—Ben Harrison, Wilfrid.

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TRICK TURNED ON HERRMANN.
The Magician's Body Servant Disappeared With the Cartwheels.

That Is Why the Gold Fish Weren't Transformed Into Silver Dollars.

Artur Hermann has for the last three years served Prof. Alexandre Herrmann, the famous prestidigitator, as valet and personal property man during his unique acts of magic.

Prof. Hermann has always had the most complete assistant in the magician in his weird exposition of diabolism.

Of course it is known that all of Herrmann's tricks are prepared beforehand—that is, they are arranged before he makes his smiling, Mephistophelian bow to the audience. It was Artur's duty to thus prepare all the properties for the Professor, and upon him depended to a large extent the complete success of Herrmann's performances.

After yesterday afternoon, at the Lee Avenue Academy, Brooklyn, the nimble-fingered Professor was amazed the audience by his dexterity and mystifying acts. After he had astonished an innocent spectator by pulling a long-eared rabbit from beneath the special table cloth, the Professor tripped mysteriously to the wings and said:

"Now, Artur, the twenty cartwheels." In the nomenclature of Prof. Hermann "cartwheels" mean dollars.

He had just seen the twenty pieces of silver badly, for he proposed to transform a half of goldfish into a hat full of silver dollars.

Artur was supposed to have the goldfish, but he had lost it. He had lost it again in sharp time. "Hurry, Artur, don't make me keep the money guessing."

"Where in hell is that boy?" muttered Hermann, mad as the wind.

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CAPT. MUNRO'S GRAPHIC TALE.
Battle for Life of the Castaways in the Brig Eugenie.

Ten Men and a Lad Cling to a Buoy Till Rescued.

Cast. Munro, his sixteen-year-old son and his crew of nine colored sailors, of the wrecked brigantine Eugenie, which went to pieces on the beach at Jones's Inlet, near Fire Island, arrived in the city this morning.

The castaways were sorry-looking men after their disastrous experience. All they saved from the wreck was the clothes they wore. Of these there was very little.

Cap. Munro is a tall, well-built man, with a heavy growth of beard on his sun-browned face. He looked above the others in height and looked every inch a seaman. He wore a suit of olive drab when calling on his ship-brokers, J. F. Whitney & Co., 15 State street, to whom the Eugenie's cargo was consigned, and where he told his tale of distress in the presence of an Evening World reporter.

"We left Aracaju, Brazil," said Capt. Munro, "Sept. 1, with a cargo of sugar, the property of G. Amick & Co. of 148 Pearl street, this city, and when we struck we were off Fire Island, about 8,30 o'clock Tuesday night."

"The night was dark and stormy. I knew that we were in dangerous waters, and consulted the chart. There is no mention of the shoal we were driven upon, near Jones's Inlet."

"I took the usual course, straight towards the Fire Island Light. The wind was west, and I was steering north-west."

"Suddenly I saw a buoy ahead, and I put the helm hard down, and it was too late. The vessel was a wreck, followed by a shock which made a flare like a house afire."

"We were going along under full sail, and you can imagine the force of the shock to the vessel when she ran onto the bar."

"The masts and rigging were broken, and the next minute both masts snapped and went overboard, and the vessel was left on her side."

"I told the crew to get the yawl ready, but I determined to save the good ship. I went to the foremast and tried to get it up, but it was too late. I had all the old sails brought on deck, and we were left on our side."

"That was our signal of distress, and it was seen by the crew of the Fire Island Light. They sent a boat to our aid, and we were rescued."

"It was two hours before the Eugenie began to go to pieces. Then we entered the water, and I saw the ship sinking. I saw the ship sinking, and I saw the ship sinking."

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ONCE MINISTER, NOW THIEF.
Conscientious Scruples, Gibby Says, Drove Him from the Papst.

Is He a Monumental Liar or a Victim of Circumstances?

Barnard Gibby, alias Bernard St. John Gibby, ex-Congressman, ex-Unitarian minister, poet, artist, journalist, thief, was arrested by the New York City Police, and is now in the Tombs this morning.

He was arraigned before Judge Martine in the Court of General Sessions yesterday afternoon, charged with stealing a pocketbook containing \$1,000, the property of Mrs. John Gibby, White, Stokes & Allen's store, 182 Fifth Avenue, Mr. O'Connor stole the pocketbook in his hand a moment after he missed it as he was transferring it to his trousers pocket, and a clerk had seen him steal it.

The pretty young wife of Mr. Gibby did the best thing he could do. He pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

"I cannot tell a lie," he declared. "I stole the pocketbook. I was starving."

He had changed his name when the Evening World reporter interviewed him this morning.

"I did not steal the pocketbook," he said. "I only took it. A storm of temptation assailed me. I took the purse, but no sooner did I have it in my possession than the devil was exorcised, and I was on the point of returning it when they arrested me."

"You were starving at the time," suggested the reporter, sympathetically.

"I was not. I never said so. I was working as a book-binder, but like a good many other young fellows, I was hard up and took the pocketbook."

Gibby is an under-sized, thin Englishman, with a mustache and close-cropped beard. His eyes are wild-looking and protrude from his head somewhat. He wore an old paper hat and a suit of black cloth. He seemed to be in very hard luck generally. He stated in court yesterday that he had been to the Tombs several times, and that he had been to the Tombs several times.

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2,000 MILES TO BE MARRIED.
A Texas Couple's Long Journey Ends in a Wedding in Grace Church.

The Whole Affair Wrapped in a Veil of Romantic Mystery.

Why two people should travel 2,000 miles from San Antonio, Tex., to New York to be married in Grace Church, is a romance that is a day's ride in the saddle, and the whole affair was wrapped in mystery.

Sexton Gilham, of Grace Church, received an early cable yesterday morning. He was Proprietor Brainerd T. Arnold, of the Hotel St. George, Mr. Arnold told the sexton that he wanted to make arrangements for two of his guests to be married at the church this morning.

Sexton Gilham thought he could meet their wishes, and said that everything would be in readiness for the wedding as soon as he could summon Dr. Huntington, the rector.

A most interesting feature of this impromptu wedding, was the fact learned from the landlady, that both the bride and groom came from San Antonio, Tex., more than 2,000 miles away from New York.

The pretty young bride was Miss Lottie James, with her mother, has been a student at the University of the South, and she is a very accomplished young woman.

The bridegroom was Mr. James, a wealthy young business man of San Antonio, Tex., who is a very accomplished young man.

The bride's family consisted of the members of the family and a dozen or so of the guests at the hotel, who were all very much interested in the affair.

The wedding ceremony was performed by the rector, and the couple were united in holy matrimony.

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